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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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TERMS—READ CAREFULLY.

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The Little Folks Letter-Bag

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"THEN THE SNOW-BALLS WHIZZED."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. JULY, 1900. No. 9.

SUCH A FOURTH!

IT was Fourth of July all over the United States, as well as in some other places.

Up in Vermont, in a big farm-house, there were three children who had come all the way from California to celebrate the Day—Morris, and Joe, and Eunice Drake. Uncle Will had written that if they'd come on, they should have such a Fourth as never was before!

The roomy old red house could hold two families just as well as one; and there they were, all together, on Independence morning—Father and Mother Drake, and the three small Drakes, from California; and Uncle and Aunt Hoskins, big Cousin John, and Cousin Clarence, and Cousin Phyllis and Cousin Pauline, the farm family. Little Phyllis and Pauline were twins, and the Mother Hoskins and the Mother Drake were sisters.

Fourth of July ought to be hot. This Fourth was piping. The little boys fired snapping-crackers, and smashed torpedoes. Big John helped. He dared hold a cracker in his fingers until the wriggly tail was almost burned! The little girls—I forgot to say that they were all quite small girls—banged torpedoes too. Sometimes they wouldn't bang—the throw wasn't strong enough—then big Vermont John helped them, and also kept fingers and muslin dresses away from fire—he was the best big brother, little Phyllis told little Eunice.

Towards noon, when folks are tired, sometimes they do not feel polite. That, I suppose, was why Joe Drake said to Clarence Hoskins, "We have Fourth of July like *this*, and just as

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good as this, at San Diego. It's a long way to come, and then only have what you have at home!"

Clarence looked hurt, and startled too. Then he came up to Joe and whispered, "You wait, you just wait! there's a s'prise! We don't know, no more'n you, but mother said so."

"All right," said Joe. "I was only wondering what Uncle Will meant in his letter." Which was not so very polite, either.

After dinner, Mrs. Hoskins said, "You children must take naps, if you're to stay up to-night for the fireworks."

One could hear bits of grumbles like, "I don't want to," but when Mrs. Drake said, "We'll call you in an hour," three small boys went up stairs to their bed-room, and three small girls went off through the parlor to *their* bed-room.

"We couldn't have kept them from the back yard," Mrs. Hoskins said to her sister.

Just beyond the back gate, stood a clump of great maples. The Hoskins children's favorite play-place was under these trees.

"They're sure to go there the first thing when they're dressed, and the surprise 'll be complete," Mrs. Hoskins added; and so they did, and the surprise was complete.

Instead of the green grass carpet under the trees, there was spread out an immense thick white rug!

"It's salt," Morris Drake, after a minute, called out. Clarence ran closer, stooped, snatched up a handful, tasted it.

"It's snow!" he shouted. "It's snow!"

Phyllis and Pauline looked up at the sky. Clear and blue, and the sun hot as hot! No snow from that quarter.

Morris and Joe and Eunice stood dumb. This *was* a surprise. They knew about snow but they had never seen it before. Snow doesn't grow in San Diego!

"Pitch in, youngsters," big John sung out. "'Twon't keep in this weather. What do you think of snow-balling on Fourth of July—hey, Morris?"

"Guess you can't do that in California, Mister Joe!" laughed Clarence.

Then the snow-balls whizzed. A big drift lay at the north side of the trees, purposely for snow-balls, it seemed. Joe got

hit on the nose—the ball carried a bloody mark away. But big Cousin John said the right thing: "Joey, you've fought and bled for your country!" And then Joe smiled heroically.

"Now for a snow man!" said John, setting up a broomstick. Everybody worked, and pretty soon the snow man stood full stature. Father Drake pinched his nose long, Father Hoskins stuck a hat on his head, Mother Drake gave him a necktie of red, white and blue ribbon, Mother Hoskins put the Declaration in his hand.

"It's a real good Uncle Sam!" said Morris; and Joe owned that California had nothing to show like that.

And then suddenly the two mothers caught the children and pinned big towels around their necks, and one of them said, leading the way, "The rest of the fun's in the house!"

In the house, the well-covered and wondering children found themselves sitting down at table, a plate before each—yet really nothing to eat except a great dish of round brown doughnuts in the center! Each doughnut had a pointed stick in it! When they were passed, you politely took one by the stick! It was queer! But dear me, when you tasted! The little Drakes knew the taste of maple sugar—they had eaten maple sugar in California. But not snowball doughnuts waxed all over with it! And Father Drake and Father Hoskins stood in the doorway, looking on, enjoying the fun!

Then the two mothers brought pans packed with snow, and dropped hot syrup on in great splashes, just right, just waxy enough to pull off and eat! Such sticky hands and faces! Those blessed, big towels kept the stickiness off their clothes. Sometimes they couldn't talk, because their teeth stuck together! They could laugh though!

Suddenly Morris said, "I want to know where this snow came from!"

"So do I," said the other Californians. Really the fun had been so sudden and so great nobody had thought to ask before.

Then big John told the children about the mountains only a few miles away, where snow lies in nooks and crevices, piles of it, the whole summer long. The two fathers had sent a man to

bring in a two-horse load of it, packed in barrels, and the two mothers had "sugared off."

"Let's cheer! let's cheer Father, and Uncle Will, and Mother, and Auntie!" Morris proposed. How they cheered!

"Now let's cheer for Uncle Sam!" John called, and they simply "raised the roof."

That night after the last rocket shot up, Joe said to Clarence, "It's the biggest Fourth! but the snow was best of all!"

"Oh! but you ought to see it come," Clarence answered. "It's just as if all the stars up there fell down together, only they'd be white, not yellow! I wish you Californians could be here in the winter! We'd like to give you a sleigh-ride!"

Helen A. Hawley.

WE WONDER.

DON'T you wonder what will happen?
Yes, indeed I do;
I wonder, and all wonder
And wonder—so do you!

How I wonder, how you wonder,
How the world will go!
Is it lots more fun to wonder
Than it is to know?

M. J. H.

SCARLET SAGE CROWNS.

(Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden-Plays.)

WE children did not know when to expect the scarlet sage to bloom. We just knew that all suddenly in the outer borders and half-waste places of the old garden there was a blaze of scarlet. The little staffs of green with red tips stood up high, by hundreds.

Then we cried, "Let us crown the summer-time."

We gathered all the scarlet tips until our aprons were full.

Then we sat ourselves down in some shaded corner where the winds wouldn't blow our pretty work away, and began to work on scarlet sage crowns.

We laid our flower-tips on the covers of our story-books, and we were careful not to crush the flowers, for they would stain, as red! A very pretty red for painting paper-ladies' cheeks, but not for staining story-book covers.

Then with a story-book cover for a firm work-place, like a drawing-board for the artist, we began a summer-crown. We slipped one red tip deep into the throat of another red tip, and so on, and so on, and so on, till the scarlet wreath was round and red as a harvest moon.

Then we threw it high in the air, and cried, "Here's for the summer!" and watched the scarlet crown fall all in pieces in the yellow sand.

Or, perhaps, if it was in the cool of the afternoon, we "made statues." We crowned our own locks with summer's scarlet crowns and ran to our favorite round bed bordered with green box-bushes. We each chose a bush, and dropping into its stiff but yielding greenness we sat as still as still could be, waiting for passers-by.

The green box-bushes fitted all around us like green chairs with enveloping backs and arms of leafy greenness.

Then when our aunts, or uncles, or our cousins passed by in the garden-walks, they were sure to say, "What fairies are these sitting in the box-trees crowned with scarlet crowns?"

Martha Young.

"I'VE JUST HAD SUCH A THOUGHT!"

SHOE-STRINGS.

A LITTLE girl long, long ago
Sat lacing up her shoe;
The holes, then, had no nice brass rings,
And if the tags were off the strings
'Twas hard to push them through.

She wet the strings, and twisted them
With earnest face awry,

And punched and poked with patient zeal,
'Till suddenly her hands grew still,
And she began to cry.

"I've just had such a thought!" she sobbed;
"Until I'm old and grey
I just will have to keep ahead,
Mornings and mornings, 'till I'm dead,
Lacing my shoes each day!'

That little girl is grown up now,
And she has learned two things:
That half the burdens we foresee
Prove lighter than we thought they'd be,
And often, too, take wings;

And that, while some task new or old
Always will attend our way,
We'll seldom fail to get well through
With each, if we don't try to do
To-morrow's work to-day!

Henrietta R. Eliot.

DOLLY'S FRIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO AFTERWARD WROTE "AMERICA."

ONE day, years and years before any of the children now living were born, when their grandfathers and grandmothers were children, some men and women had met together in a room in a simple wooden house in Boston and were singing hymns. These singers took no notice of a little boy of five years old who was sitting, very quiet, upon his grandmother's knee, listening to the music. He sat there silent until the songs were over. Then all at once up he sprang.

"I can sing better than that myself," he called out.

Everybody turned and stared at the little fellow. But he stood there, not at all afraid, and sang at the top of his voice to a tune which he had made up himself the hymn which begins:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

And he did not stop until he had finished all his song.

As the people went away laughing and praising the little fellow, not one of them dreamed that years afterward thousands and thousands of people would be praising him, and for the same reason—because he had sung better than could they.

For this was the little boy who, when he had grown to be a man, wrote the beautiful hymn, "America," which is loved and sung all over the country, and all over the world wherever Americans live.

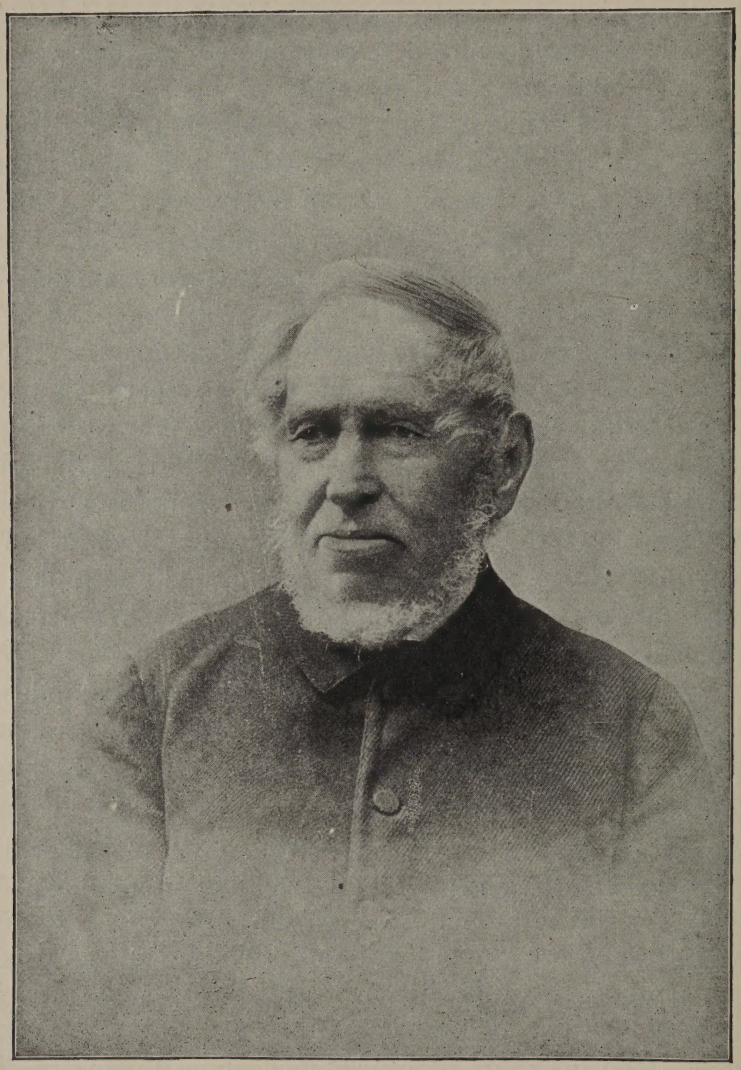
He was very fond of music from his babyhood; and when he was a wee fellow, he would sit by the hour with his little hands grasping the rounds on the back of a rocking-chair, his small legs dangling from under the magenta woolen frock he wore, rocking and singing to tunes of his own making. It was no wonder that his favorite song was "The Little Busy Bee," for he was the busiest little boy possible. When very tiny, he used to make watch-chains, such as were worn in those

days. His father was dead; his mother had to work hard to give him the opportunities for an education such as she was determined he should have; and the child very early began to want to help also. As soon as he was old enough he looked after his mother's wood-pile, and did many other little things for her. But she would never keep him from his books. And when he was ready for these, few children ever studied harder.

He began to go to church when he was very small. Then the magenta frock was exchanged for a white one, and he wore a red morocco hat. One day something happened. After the service, as the men were going out of the "meeting-house," as they used to call it, they put on their hats. Our little boy, like all little boys, wanted to do just as the men did; so he put on his hat. But he liked to do everything thoroughly, so he pulled his hat down so far over his face that it quite covered his eyes and caught tightly on to his nose. He pulled and pulled at it in vain; and his grandmother had to cut the hat before she could get it off.

He was a very quiet child, not fond of the games and sports that other boys played. In those days skates were few; and he never owned a pair. He liked to coast down the street in which he lived; but he never buffeted the snowstorms and helped to shovel out the paths, like the boys who lived in the country; he never had the great woods and fields to roam over in the summer, like the country boys. When he was born, there was not a railroad in the whole land, and nobody had ever thought of electric cars. So this child who was born in the city, lived there, and always at his own home.

But he liked his share of amusement when it came to him in his own way. One holiday his grandmother came to the house. Samuel stood for a moment at the window where he had been when she entered; then he turned around to her and said solemnly, "All days are alike!" He meant this as a reproach to his grandmother, because she had not marked the holiday by bringing him a gift. She told the speech to a lady, who was so amused that she sent the child a pretty toy bird. And from this time holidays were not quite like other days to him.



REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

He used to play "store" with two little girls who lived in the same house. He kept the store and they came and bought the goods of him. Whatever the children wanted to play with they had to make for themselves. So he whittled a stick for the beam and they then took the pulp out of the two halves of a lemon, for the play-scales in which they weighed their goods.

But he loved best his little sister two years older than him-

self. They used to go about hand in hand and call one another, "dear," instead of by their names. He was the most patient and gentle little fellow. And he never forgot to lift his cap, and so courteous was he always that he was called "the most polite boy at the North End," when the North End of Boston was the home of many refined people. If things did not suit him, he never scolded or cried, but kept quiet, and turned and walked away. He was so obedient that when he went out to play, he would ask, "How many slides may I take, mother?" And when these were over, he would come in. A very even-tempered, self-controlled, manly little fellow was this boy whose song is now sung around the world.

After he was seven years old it was study, study, study, and little time for play. For his mother and sister planned everything to give him time and opportunity to learn. And well did he repay their loving self-sacrifice. His sister and he used to read over their books together. These were a "Picture Bible," "Watts' Hymns," "Esop's Fables" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Their grandmother wanted to give them "Mother Goose;" but their mother thought it "too foolish." One day some one gave them a story-book. But the two children, hand in hand, walked to the store from which it had come, and complained that this was not true, and they wanted a book that told the truth.

Yet, however busy with his studies the boy was, he still had time to go from his home in Sheafe street to the water and, perching himself upon a pile of boards upon the wharf, to sit looking out upon the ocean. No doubt, it was here that some of the thoughts came to him which he afterward wrote in poems for people to read and sing.

He lived not far from the Old North Church. And when he used to look up at the tower in which Paul Revere had hung the lantern that told the Americans the secret purpose of the British, there may have come into his heart then that love for his country and pride in her which years afterward he put into his song, "America."

When Samuel was eight years old, a pet cat belonging to one of the neighbors died, and was buried in the garden. The next

morning the owners of the cat found in the earth on its grave a stick with a piece of paper fastened to it, and on the paper some verses. This was the child's first poem. At twelve he wrote another; and after this, many more.

He went to what is now the Eliot school in North Bennett Street, Boston, where he won the gold medal. From here he went to the Boston Latin School, and there also he won the medal. Then to Harvard College; and after graduating here, he went to the Andover Theological Seminary. Everywhere honors awaited him.

It was while at Andover, that one day in his room he picked up a scrap of paper and began to write a poem on it. This poem was the famous "America." He wrote it for himself, because the thoughts and words came into his heart easily; yet all the years of study in his life were behind him helping him to do it. Nothing good is ever done without work before it, or with it. His friend Lowell Mason, saw the poem, liked it, and set it to music. And it has floated around the globe.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith was born Oct. 21, 1808. He preached, and wrote, and taught. His whole life was filled with good and useful work. His home for many years was at Newton Centre, in Massachusetts. He died November 16, 1895.

When he was an old man he was still full of work and of interest in new things. People tried not to have the electric cars run past his house; they said that the noise would disturb him and his wife. But the two old people answered, "No, no; we like the cars; they are good. Let us have them."

There are three things for which the children of to-day, and those of future days should honor and love Dr. Smith. First, because he was a good and useful man. Next, because when the song "America," was first sung it was sung *by children*, at a Fourth of July celebration, given in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. Third, because it was he and his friend, Mr. Lowell Mason who set the children singing in the public schools, and who, together, wrote the first song-book for children ever published in the United States.

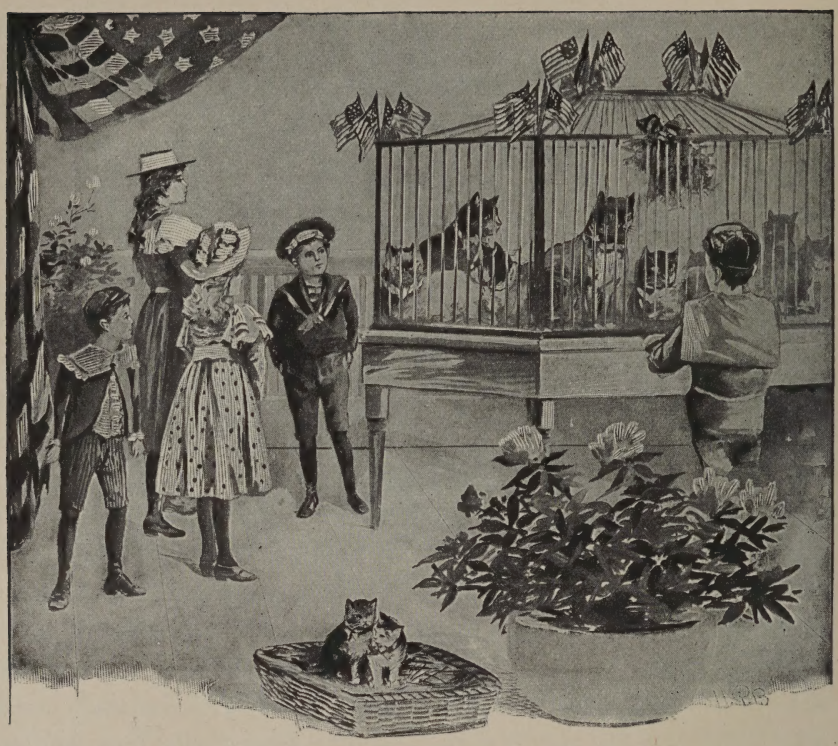
Frances C. Sparhawk.

THEN UP CREPT HE!

A CONTRIBUTOR.

SHE wanted something new, quite new,
That never yet was seen,
To please the little folks who soon
Would read the magazine,
But couldn't find a blessed thing
In all her well-stored brain!
Then up crept he, the Baby bright
With fancies in his train;
He told her this, he told her that,
Things no one else had thought—
And she, she was enchanted with
The thoughts the Baby brought!
So he became—the Baby bright,
The cutest ever seen—
A fine contributor himself
To his dear magazine!

Maria Johns Hammond.



AT THE SHOW.

HOW THE FIRE-CRACKERSWERE BOUGHT.

THERE was so much noise, children's noise, out on the front porch, that it seemed to Mrs. Morris there must be forty children there, instead of fourteen. There were just fourteen but every single one of them was talking!

The children themselves had no idea that they were "making a noise." They were discussing a matter of great importance. They each had a savings-bank, and it was these little iron savings-banks which caused the talk and noise and excitement. The children were counting the money in them and adding it up for the tenth or twelfth time, and it added up differently every time, though nobody could make quite four dollars of it.

Now just think of it! Fourth of July was coming in a couple of weeks—and only four dollars to divide around among four-

teen! Why, it would scarcely more than buy the torpedoes! The children agreed with Cary Perry that it would be no celebration at all without lots of fire-crackers, and candy and balloons, and flags in their hats, and pin-wheels and rockets and roman candles at night.

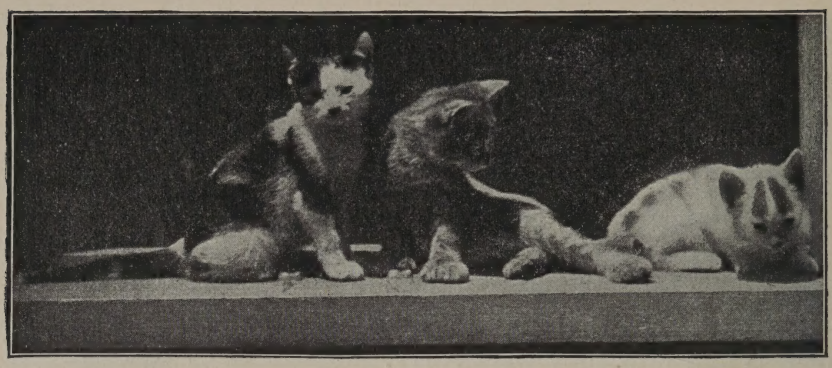
But where was the money to come from?

For months they had been cautioned and warned not to spend their money for this and that, as children love to, but to "save it for the Fourth;" and they hadn't saved it and now they were sorry.

But mothers are so kind to their heedless children; and Mrs. Morris helped them out of their trouble by proposing a cat-show, and said they could have the roomy verandah at the side of the house for that purpose.

Everybody hopped up, delighted at that! Robby Morris said it was a great idea, and Cary Perry said he knew people would much rather they would have a cat-show than any more Wild Indian shows. People in that town were very good about going to children's shows, but they had grown rather tired of Buffalo Bill and his painted and feathered braves. All went well, especialy as the children didn't do anything without first consulting Mrs. Morris. They begged and borrowed and got together fifty-two cats. Cages were made, and bows of red or white or blue were provided for all—each cat had a bow. The fronts of the cages were of mosquito wire netting, and therefore you could see the cats perfectly.

THE FOUR KITCHEN-CATS.



THE THREE PARLOR-CATS.

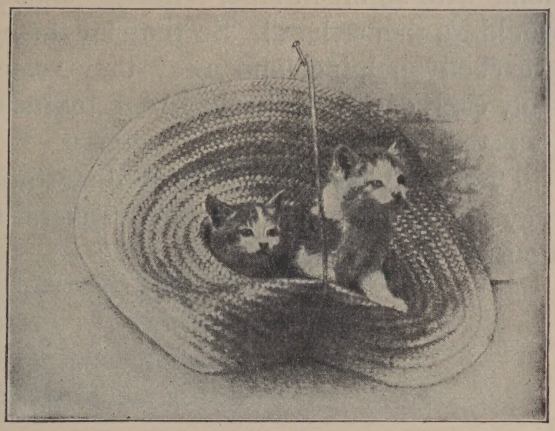
When the time came for the show, it was a beautiful June day, and the gardens around the Morris house were full of blooming roses. The house had a great flag flying in the breeze, and the verandah itself was gay with flags and flowers and bunting.

The children had the cats all there by noon, "so that they could get settled down" before the time for the show to begin. The wildest, youngest cats were placed in the cages. Some of the more peaceful old sleepy cats staid in their own cat-baskets. At various intervals during the afternoon Mrs. Morris's three handsome "parlor-cats"—so-called because they were generally to be found curled up in the depths of the Turkish chairs—were brought and coaxed to sit on the window-sill; they were bright brown-and-white, and *very* handsome. Mrs. Morris's four kitchen-cats staid peacefully in one corner of the verandah all the afternoon and made no effort to go away.

But everybody agreed that the prettiest sight of all was Mrs. Pingray's ten; they had a very big open wire cage all to themselves, the top stuck full of tiny flags, the floor carpeted, every cat wearing a silver collar with its name engraved on it, and at one side of the cage was an immense bunch of catnip fastened on by red, white and blue ribbons.

And yet, as people passed along they agreed that Mrs. McLellan's two kittens in the big straw hat were the *very* prettiest, after all. The hat was hung by a nail against the wall. Mrs. McLellan had brought them in it herself. It was the kit-

tens' favorite nest at home, and they sat in it at the show and appeared to be perfectly comfortable and unconcerned.



MRS. MCLELLAN'S KITTENS.

The children themselves wore a good deal of red, white and blue, and altogether it was a pretty scene.

There was a very large attendance; the admittance-fee was only ten cents, but some paid three times the amount; they said it was worth much more than ten cents to see so many cats together.

THE HEAD SHOWMAN.

The cats themselves behaved quite well. If one got scared or wrathful so that his tail became of an enormous size and waved about, everybody came to look at that one and laugh; and if one growled, or spit, it was cheered tremendously. Many of the cats purred when their mistresses came up and spoke to them.

At intervals national songs were sung by the children, and the piano was played. And at the suggestion of Mrs. Morris the children had got from the owners of the cats various cunning little anecdotes of something the cats had done, and little Peter Peterson, who was the head showman, repeated them to the people as he took them about. If there was no anecdote he would say, "This, as you will see, is a very fine cat, a very handsome cat!"

But the best fun was when the show was over, and one of the visitors told the children there was no need to carry the cats home with so much labor—but to just let them out and they would go themselves! So they let them out, all at one time, everybody helping, and away they scampered, like mad, and truly each cat found its way back by itself and was there when its people got home!

Then the visitors went too, telling the children they hoped they would have all the fire-crackers they wanted, on the Fourth; and so they did.

Ruth Virginia Sackett.

A CONFIDENCE AT BED-TIME.

"IT'S been an awful splendid day,"
Said Jack to his papa;
"And, anyway, the Fourth's the best
Of all the days there are!

"'Torpeters'? Well, I do not care
For them so very much—
I'm rather old—I'm old enough
For crackers, now, and such.

"The big boys let me go with them—
I was the only one—
They let me go with them all day—
They—let me—fire a gun!"

His father smiled. "A rocket, too,
With stars up in the sky!
And then they had a cannon there—
And I—and I—and I—"

"Oh, yes, of course, you fired it off,
And didn't mind a bit;
And never jumped, when it went bang,
As if you had been hit!"

His father smiled. "Well, yes, I did—
I would if I had died!
But—papa—but—I was—I was—
I was *so* scared, *inside!*"

Jack hung his head (the smile from him
The secret had beguiled)—
He wished *so* much to be *so* brave!
And still his father smiled.

"Don't—don't make fun—" and then a sob
Shut off what he had said.
His father smiled no more, but spoke
A word that comforted.

"The bravest are not those who know
No fear, my boy," he said,
"But those who, fearing, crowd fear back,
And do the deed instead!"

Charles Stuart Pratt.

BE CAREFUL!

Be careful, children all,
Of the faults that often come with Might;
It is worse to be rich and rude,
Than it is to be poor and polite!
Be careful, children all!

M. J. H.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER IX.—A Side Show at the Philibeg Fair.

OVER rolled the pumpkin and lay still again. One would not have thought it in any way different from the other pumpkins and squashes on exhibition at the Philibeg fair.

Bob Brown walked up and turned it over, and the monkey popped his head out again, looking as grave as a Jack-in-the-pulpit.

By this time most of the Pekoe girls and boys had gathered at the vegetable exhibit, having heard that Orlando Pew had run away with an automobile carriage and being anxious to know what had become of the pumpkin and the monkey. Orlando had left the pumpkin and the monkey alone together and this was what had happened!

The pumpkin was scooped out clean inside, just as one would clean it who was going to make a jack o'lantern, and the monkey had squeezed himself into it through a hole that looked far too small to admit even his lean little body.

How could he have taken out the inside of the pumpkin and squeezed himself into it?

That was what all the Pekoe boys and girls were asking in chorus.

A man who looked like a sailor stood near, looking curiously at the monkey's head. It was he who answered the children's question.

"He can do most anything if he is the kind of monkey that I think he is," he said. And he mentioned the queer name of a place on the coast of Africa from which he thought the monkey had come.

He lifted the monkey out of the pumpkin by the back of his neck, as if he were a puppy, and looked him over carefully.

A knife with "O. P." marked on the handle dropped from the monkey's paw. Orlando's knife, which the monkey had managed to take out of his pocket while Orlando was carrying him about seated upon the pumpkin!

"He is very valuable. Who owns him?" said the sailor.

"WELL, IF THAT DOESN'T BEAT ALL!"

"Oh you needn't be afraid that he would hurt anybody with the knife. That kind of monkey is as harmless as a baby but apt to be full of mischief, especially if he hasn't been trained."

"Can he be trained?" asked Billy Boy eagerly.

"Trained! There's hardly anything in the way of a trick that that fellow can't learn to do! Some Italian bought him, off a ship, I suppose, and only taught him to hold out his cap for pennies. The sailors who brought him from Africa might not have known how valuable he was; they often don't."

"Perhaps I may like him as well as I liked Yellow Cap," said Bee hopefully. "Anyway, half of him shall always belong to Pinky Jones," she added firmly.

"I suppose you know that you've got to pay for that pumpkin!" said Billy Boy, who liked to have people know that he had a business bump.

Bee's face grew long and so did Pinky Jones'. It seemed that owning half a monkey might be a serious thing, especially when one had paid all the money in one's bank for him and the hurdy-gurdy to which he belonged.

"And that's the very largest pumpkin at the fair! The man will ask a lot for it," added Billy Boy.

Bee and Pinky Jones looked at each other, and the rims of Pinky Jones' eyes grew red.

She took out her purse and turned it upside down and shook it. There was not a penny! Not a side-show, not a grab-bag had Pinky missed at the fair.

"I would pay because you said he should be half my monkey, but I haven't a cent left!" said Pinky sadly.

"That's the man who owns the pumkin!" said the girl who had been a little cross because the monkey had changed the tags on all the goods on her table.

And the children saw a large, rosy-faced man, who looked like a farmer, coming directly towards them, with an anxious eye upon his great pumkin.

Bee was so pale that her freckle looked very yellow, and even Billy Boy would have liked to run away—but of course you have to stand by your sister if you are any kind of a boy. He

didn't even allow himself to say that it was better, after all, for a girl to have a doll than a monkey, although that was what he thought. If the monkey had been his he should have taken care of it and not have let it get into such mischief!

There sat the monkey when the farmer came up, head and shoulders out of the pumkin and looking as grave as a judge.

All the Pekoe girls and boys stood near but not one of them said a word. They all looked at Bee who was having all she could do to force back her tears.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" cried the farmer and threw back his head and laughed. "My son Tobe must have been here! He's a great fellow for advertising. He keeps a store in Gobang and I send all my vegetables to him. That's a great thing, now isn't it?—setting that monkey to keep house in the pumpkin! Draws a crowd! Advertises me and my son, too! I'm going to have my name and his in large letters stuck up over it! The pumpkin didn't get here yesterday; there was a mistake and a drum came instead. My son Tobe must have seen to things and got that monkey here! Always was a smart boy, my son Tobe! Its worth more to me to have that monkey in the pumpkin than it would be to win all the prizes at the fair!"

"It's my monkey," said Bee proudly; "and he put himself into the pumpkin!"

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

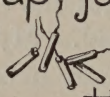
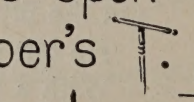
LITTLE JACK HORNER.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
On the fifth of last July;
He felt very glum,
With a crippled thumb,
And a badly swollen eye!

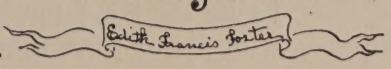
Mildred Merle.

JIMMY CROW

IX

HURRAH for the Fourth! Jack was out of before the rose. He could not wait for breakfast, but drank a of milk, and ran out to find the other . Jimmy Crow went too. Bob and Russell came up just then, with their pockets full of  , and they all began firing them on the lawn. liked the little red things, and begged for some, but the boys only laughed at him. Pretty soon lighted a whole , and threw it down, and all the ran away. Then saw his chance, and he seized the bunch of crackers and flew in at Grandma's open window! He lighted on Pepper's  tried to bite him, but bang! went a !

Both jumped, and Jimmy dropped the bunch on the carpet. Bang! went another , and bang! bang! went . Then a dozen flew out, banging, over the floor. "Caw! Caw!" screamed . "Fire! Fire!" screamed . "Jack! Jack!" screamed . She was trying to pick up the bunch with the , when ran in. He threw a over the gathered them up in it, and threw all out of the . sat down in her arm- very pale. Jack kissed her. "I'm sorry we scared you so," he said. "Now you rest while I clear up." He brought the and , and swept up the litter. Then he gave a and took under his . "Pepper didn't 'want a cracker', that time, did she, Grandma?" said he. "Now we'll go further away." But just then the breakfast rang.



KATIE SO LIKES TO WIN!

TIT, TAT, TOE!

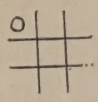
OH, it's lots of fun when lessons are said,
When sums are added and readers read,
To sit on the school-door's worn old sill
And know we may play if we keep right still;
Then we make some lines on the slate—just so—
And are ready to play at

Tit,
Tat,
Toe!

It's four lines we draw on the nice clean slate;
I take the "X" mark, the "O" is for Kate,
And "your turn, then mine," is the way we play—
When one makes a mark, the other one may;

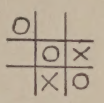
I let little Kate have the very first "go,"
For she so likes to win in

Tit,
Tat,
Toe!



An "O," then an "X"—so the markings go;
We try to see who can first get a row
Of "X's" or "O's" in the lines we've made;
And all through the criss-cross they stand arrayed
Till Katie sets down a last lucky "O"—
There! Do you see? She has made her row
And the game is won! 'Tis *her*

Tit,
Tat,
Toe!



Martha Young.

DOLLY STORIES.

II.—VICTORIA.

I WAS very ill once when I was a little girl. For many weeks I had to stay in bed, and three doctors came to see me! I do not remember much else about this, only that I got better after a while. For a long time I could not walk very well so Mama would place me in a large chair and I would sit and talk to my dollies, and have nice times "playing house" with the little girls who would come to see me Wednesday and Saturday afternoons—for in those days schools did not keep Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Many grown-up people often came to see Mama, and one day a lady who was going to cross the ocean came, and she said to me, "Be a good little girl, Ray, and get well as soon as you can, for when I come back I shall bring you something pretty."

I often used to wonder what Mama's friend would bring me, and I would say, "Mama, what do you think it *can* be?"

Mama would smile, and say, "Wait patiently, Ray, and it will be a nice surprise!"

Well, one day (a long while after, it seemed to me, but Mama said it was only three months), my grown-up friend came to our home. She put her arms around me and called me "a dear little girl," and then she said, "I did not forget you."

I WOULD SIT IN THE SUNSHINE WRAPPED IN BLANKETS.

She went into the next room and brought from there a large box. It seemed like a small trunk, and it was all wrapped in heavy paper, and tied with a large string! I was so surprised! Mama said, "You shall open the box yourself, Ray." So she got the scissors from her work-basket, and I quickly cut the string, and took off the paper wrapping and opened the box—and what do you think I found? I *know* you cannot guess even if you try "once, twice, three times over," so I will tell you.

Well, it was a dear new dolly, as large as a real baby! She had truly hair, and big blue eyes that opened and shut, and when I squeezed her she could cry! Oh, I was *so* surprised, and so happy, and I loved the dear new doll-baby at once. I hugged her, and said to the lady, "She is so pretty I cannot think of a name nice enough for her!"

The lady said, "I bought her in London, and as she is not an American baby why not name her Victoria, for Victoria is queen of England, the far-away home of your dolly?"

So I named her "Victoria," but I always called her "Vicky" unless grown-up people asked me her name.

Mama gave me a long white dress, which had once been worn by a real and truly baby, and a cunning little white flannel blanket all embroidered in the corners, and she helped me dress Vicky. You should have seen how surprised my little-girl friends were, for they had never seen a dolly so large and nice as mine!

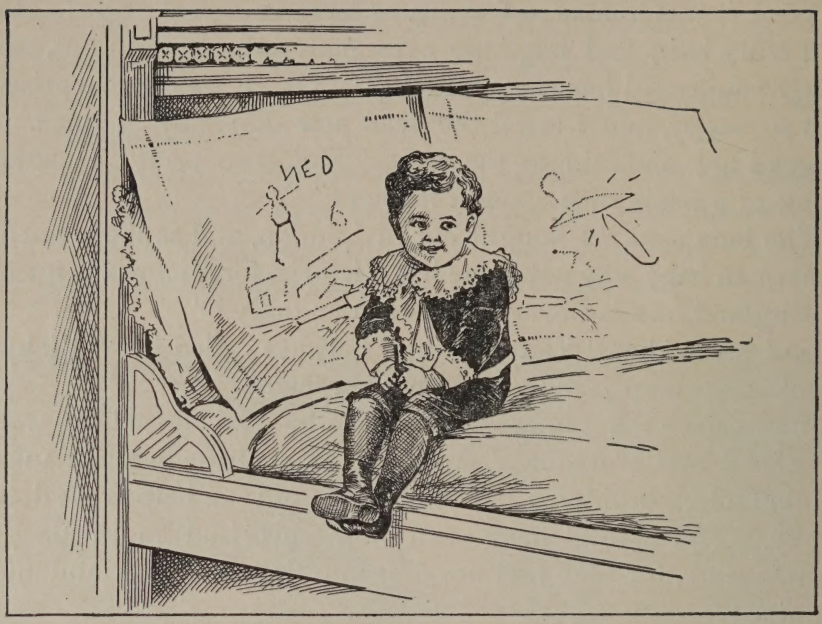
When the spring-time came I was still unable to walk, and Mama would carry my chair out in the yard, and I would sit there in the sunshine wrapped in blankets and shawls, and I would hold my dear Vicky tight, for I still loved poor Lavina Warren of whom I have told you.

When the cherry-trees were in blossom it was so nice to sit and watch the white petals fall, and I would make believe that it was a flower snow-storm. I was very happy with Vicky lying so still in my arms with her pretty blue eyes closed; but sometimes I would play that she would not go to sleep, and I would squeeze her and make her cry like a real and truly baby, and then I would sing her to sleep again.

It was many weeks before I was able to walk and Mama's kind grown-up friends often took me out driving with them, and Vicky always went too, for she was a good baby and did not worry people.

When I grew to be a large girl Vicky was put away for my books, and my box of paints, but I love to think of her as a dear sweet child who never grew large as real babies do.

Ray Laurance.



NAUGHTY TOMMY WENTSIL!

AN ARTIST IN TROUBLE.

(*Just before the Fourth.*)

LITTLE Tommy Wentsil
Took a colored pencil,
Got upon his mother's bed,
Drew a boy and called him "Ned,"
Drew some guns and battering-rams,
On the clean white pillow-shams.

There his mother found him,
With his drawings round him;
Then what happened I'll not tell,
Though I know it very well—
But the next time he draws rams,
'Twill not be on pillow-shams!

Ella Dolbear.

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

Probably every subscriber and reader of LITTLE FOLKS is interested in the success of the magazine, and would be glad to help make it prosper. In fact, a great part of its present success is due to the interest taken by friends. Much planning and advertising of various kinds have been done by the publisher to increase the number of LITTLE FOLKS' subscribers, but he has found his little readers and their parents form an army of advertisers superior to all others.

Some subscribers have helped a great deal more than others, but if every one would help a *little*, the publisher would soon be able to give colored pictures and enlarge the magazine.

In October and November he wishes to send a sample copy, with a large Premium List and a beautiful booklet about LITTLE FOLKS, to every mother who has children from three to seven years of age. Of course the names of a great many parents could easily be obtained, but there would be no way of telling whether they were the kind of people who would appreciate LITTLE FOLKS. The publisher is sorry to say that there are some mothers and fathers who think their children do not need good reading and pictures, and are not willing to give two cents a week for them. Every family where LITTLE FOLKS goes can easily think of from five to ten people who would appreciate it and probably subscribe for it. The average cost of samples, booklets, postage, advertising and office work, in fact, the total expense connected with each name on the sample list is about 25 cts. This fact is mentioned only to show that the publisher is willing to spend a considerable sum in introducing LITTLE FOLKS to those who ought to have it. Now this is a long story, but it means that the publisher wants every subscriber to send him a list of friends, acquaintances or others who are intelligent and liberal enough to take LITTLE FOLKS if they like it. As it costs quite a sum to tell them about the magazine, it is better to send a short list of *good* names instead of a long list of doubtful ones. Please send names of people in other places, if you know of them, as well as in your own town.

Little Folks will be sent free for a year to any person securing two new subscribers.

After the LITTLE FOLKS children have read the letter below from General Lawton's little daughter, many of them, no doubt, will wish they could see her, or see her portrait; they can find a charming picture of her and her two sisters Frances and Catherine, in *McClure's Magazine* for May, on page 25.

PEWEE VALLEY, KY.

Dear Little Folks:—My mama has promised you to me till I'm a grandmother—at least, she said, till I was too old to enjoy you, and as I expect to enjoy you *always*, it's the same thing. We have been interested in some of the pets mentioned in the Letter Bag, and thought the children might like to hear of the twin pets we had in Manila. They were white chameleons, that came out every evening on a certain big, white pillar in our drawing-room, to catch the moths around the electric light. We called them "Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee." "Dum" became very tame, but little "Dee" was more shy. "Dum" dearly loved the big, fat moths and it always took four jerks to get one down; the third jerk got all in but the whiskers—then "Dum" had to rest—and the last quick jerk finished the poor moth but made "Dum" very happy. One evening we pinned up some bright pink paper, and it was lots of fun to watch "Dum" and "Dee" slowly turn pink just like the paper. We hated to tell them goodby and hope whoever lives in our quarters will be kind to them.

Your loving friend,
Louise Lawton.

KINHWA, CHINA.

Dear Little Folks:—Ever since you came last summer I have been wanting to write. I am five and one half years old and can print letters, but it takes a long time and they get mussy; so mama will help me. Some little girls think they have to wait a long time for the dear *Little Folks* but if they lived near me in China they would have to wait seven and nine weeks. Though if they lived near me I could have some one else to play with. Now I have only a little sister and baby brother Henry. Lois is four. We take turns every time who shall have the new book. It is my turn next; the first number in 1900—I hope it will hurry up! We like the picture-word stories best; and the Bear Story. Lois is always singing around "Oh! oh! Jimmy Crow, Jimmy Crow, oh! oh!" A dear auntie in America sent two lovely Christmas dollies; but I was so sorry mine was all smashed. I let Lois have the whole one, but *she* will have to have the broken one next time—though they may be packed better then—and both of us have one. She calls it her "Shutstsins-eyes-dolly" cause it can go sleep.

Isn't it funny! not one of my aunties in America know a single one Chinese word, and I know heaps! Baby trys to talk Chinese too, and you could understand it as well as you can his English words. Mama says missionaries soon learn to be beggars. But then it is because there are such lots and lots of poor neglected heathen *little folks*. I can read sixty-six Chinese characters and by spring I'll know more, and help mama start a little class. But we will need others to help. Can any little girl send a few

MOTHERS Your Children Cured of Bed-Wetting. Sample Free. Dr.F.E.May,Bloomington,Ill.

Now Ready,

Covers for the Second Volume of LITTLE FOLKS (1899) are now ready, with title page and index. Price, post paid, 50c.

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THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER is Guaranteed to the dealer and user against imperfections
Look for the Name on every loop.

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Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue free.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.

bright scraps of her dresses to show them how to sew patchwork, and make little quilts? I would send each a Chinese ribbon book-mark.

Ellen Holmes.

Address Kinhwa *via* Hangchoo, China.

NELSONVILLE.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old, and go to school and am in the second reader. I cannot go to school much in the winter for I have bronchial colds. It is hard to have to stay in and see my playmates out enjoying the winter sports. I sent six subscribers and received one of the watches and I am very proud of it. I enjoy all the stories and read them over and over so I know some of them by heart.

Florence E. Pelletier.

FITCHBURG, MICH.

Dear Little Folks:—Sister will copy my letter as I just print. I don't go to school yet. We have two cats named "Baby Black" and "Lady Gray," and I have a Queen dog with nine little fat puppies that are just cute. I like "Roggie and Reggie" and "Where was the Little White Dog?" I have four dolls and my sister has two. We each got a valentine. Papa and Mama didn't get any, so I took some of my Sunday school cards, and bought some blue ribbon with my own money, and made each of them one.

Eula May Simmons.

SARATOGA SPA, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy nine years old. I have a pet dog named "Rex." I like the stories of "Jimmy Crow" and "Philip's Bear" very much. I think that you are the best little book that I have ever read!

Ashley Kendrick.

NORMAL, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a new subscriber but I like you very much. I have a kitty named "Mischief," because he was so full of mischief when he was a little kitty. I am eight years old. I go to the Practice School of the State Normal University.

Florence Ida Johnson.

DAVISBORO, GA.

Dear Little Folks:—I enjoy reading you so much that I just want to tell you how very much I love you. When a new number comes I read it, every word, in about two days—can't lay it aside until I finish it, letters and all. I am a little girl seven and a half years old, and can't write very well. I am very fond of cats, have a whole lot of them, but love two of them more than the rest. One is right white, named "Snow-ball," and the other is yellow and white, named "Hobson."

Eloise Hardeman.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a boy five years old, and I go to Sunday school. I have a dog and his name is "Nigger;" he can speak for meat. My Papa is captain of a steamship; he brings me curios. I like the "Sea Captain's Children," "Tartar" and "The Three Bears." I have a sled but there is no snow yet. I have a little playmate, "Beautiful Helen." Some day I will tell you about a Christmas-tree the sailors had on my papa's ship. I have a new blackboard and can draw many things.

Alfred Olsen.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL}

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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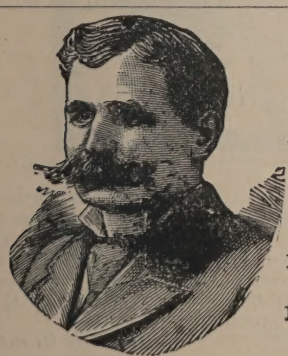

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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

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Mothers feel safe when they have the Lotion on hand.

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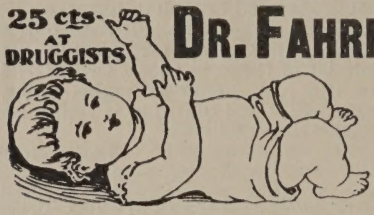
Doctor Hand's Remedies for Children for sale by all Druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS



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THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 38 Park Place and 33 Barclay St., NEW YORK.

HARRISON, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. My Grandma sent a subscription for me. I have been taking you for two or three years. I am just getting well from membranous croup. I am a little girl eight years old. Grandpa Dair just got me a little Shetland pony seven months old. I call him "Billy D."

Jeanette D. Gray.

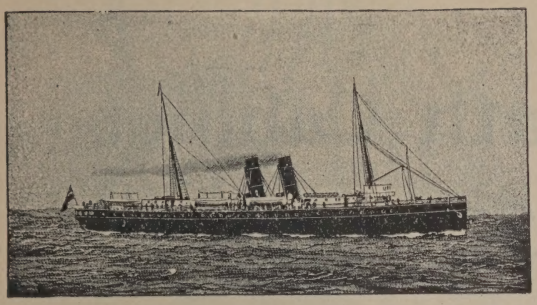
JULESBURG, COLO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a boy nine years old and have been going to school for most five years. I secured three subscribers for this year; am going to try and get more subscribers. I like "The Sea Captain Story" better than any of the other stories.

J. Verne Brant.

The Favorite..... Tourist Route to **NOVA SCOTIA,** The New..... Summerland

is the **YARMOUTH LINE.**



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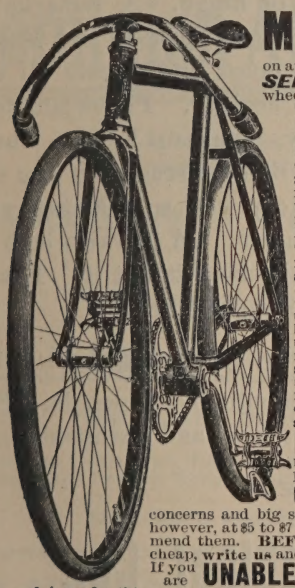

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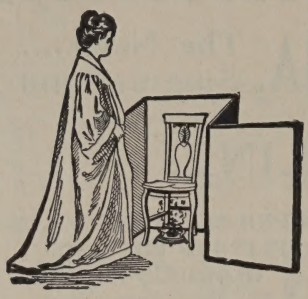

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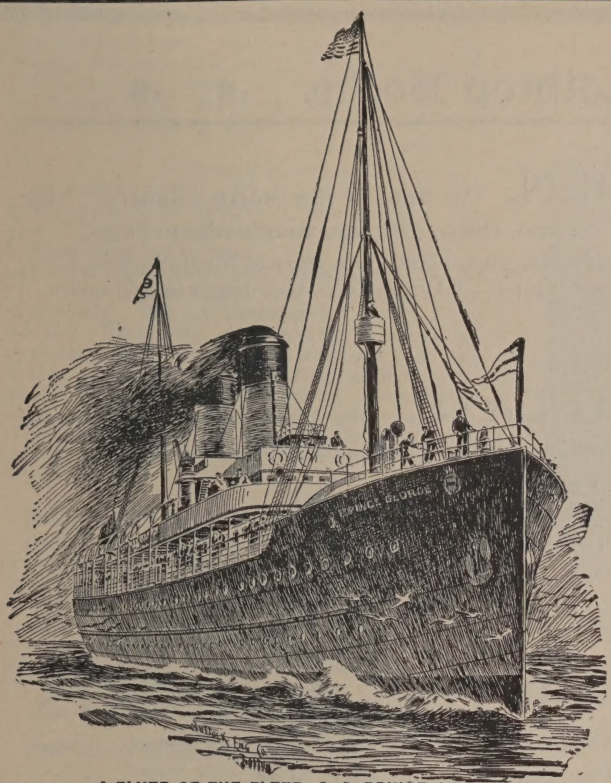

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the fourth grade. I go to the Asbury M. E. Church. I like the story of "Billy Boy Brown," best. Charles likes "At the Big White Salmon Saw-Mill." Elizabeth likes "Jimmy Crow," best. We have a yellow kitten named Billy. My Aunt Anna sent you to us for a Christmas present.

Ruth E. Atkins.

JORDAN STATION, ONTARIO.

Dear Little Folks:—My mamma said I should write you a letter to tell you how much I like you. I have just taken you a year. My little brother likes me to read to him. I go to school and I am eight years old. Would you like to know how I came to get you? I wanted a ring very badly. But my mama said, "wait a little while." When she was reading a magazine she saw you advertised, and she said "Which would you rather have, the ring or the magazine?" and I took the magazine. Don't you think I was wise because I get twelve surprises, instead of one at Christmas-time. My Papa said I could have you for another year if I wrote to you.

Marguerite Duncan.

EATON, O.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy nearly six years old. Mamma got you for me for my birthday last year. She is going to take you again for me this year, for I like you so much. I have a cat—his name is Jim; and also some pet chickens, and lots of toys. Mama is writing this for me as I can only print and maybe you couldn't read that.

Ralph M. Schatz.

SALEM, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old. I don't take you but my little sister Lurana does and I read some of your stories. I liked the one about "Nellie Custis."

We have a dog named Prince; he barks a great deal at cars and horses. He is a Scotch Collie and is very pretty. I go to Stowe, Vermont every summer and have very nice times. It is a very lovely place. One time my brothers, Fergus and Warren, went fishing up in Stowe, and Fergus caught a trout eight or nine inches long. And then one other time Warren caught one the same size, in a different place, in a little pool.

Katharine Butler.

MILO, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy five years old. Mr. John Crosby, Cashier of the Bangor Savings bank, sent you to me for a year. I can't tell which story I like best. All the stories are nice and good I think. I can read "Jimmy Crow" alone. I print letters to a Willie Adams who lives in Puget Sound, Washington, where Marguerite White lives. I have one aunt in New Orleans, who sends me boquets. I can shovel snow, saw wood and milk a cow. I have the cream from the cow's milk to sell to the cream factory, and I put the money in the Savings Bank at Bangor. I am saving my money so I can go to the University of Maine at Orono, when I am a big boy. My father is a farmer now but always worked in the slate quarry until he married mother seven years ago. He was born in Wales in Europe—so is a Welshman and I am a little Welsh boy; so father calls me.

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Wishing to make a great many children happy the publisher gives below some Coupons which will entitle any one who has never been a subscriber, to a four months' trial subscription for 20 cents. Any subscriber who sells these Coupon subscriptions for 20 cents each, may keep ten cents as commission. If you sell ten Coupons, and send 20c. for each, you can receive Little Folks for a year free

By this method the subscriber receives payment for time spent in securing the trial subscriber and the trial subscriber receives four magazines at 5 cents each, just one half the regular rate. The publisher really gives the four magazines free, as the 10 cents he receives will hardly pay for printing, postage and clerk hire, but new people will become acquainted with LITTLE FOLKS and many will wish to continue their subscription.

No commission can be allowed for permanent subscriptions received from these trial subscriptions. Remember, you can keep one-half the money you receive for trial subscribers. You will sell the five coupons in this number in a short time if you *try*.

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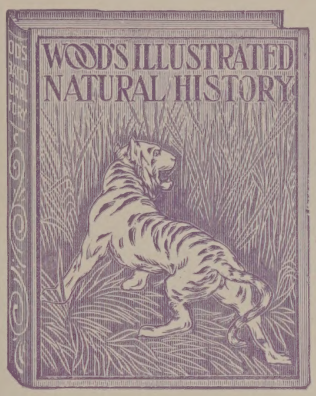

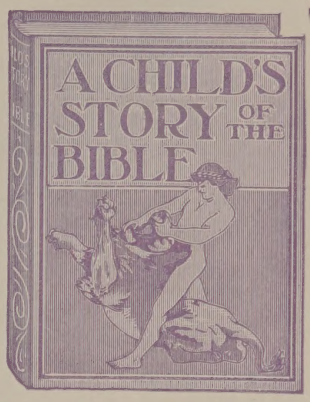

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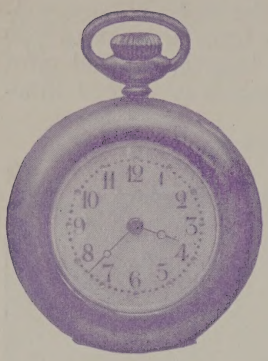

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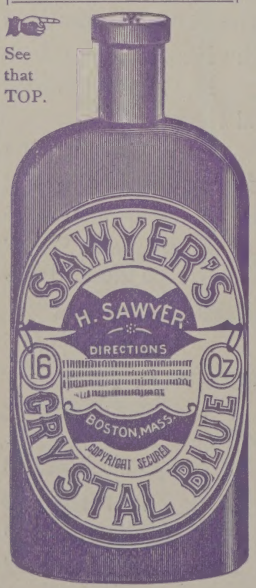

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